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THE TEMPLE IN THE TWILIGHT.

The lyric of the timid thrush
That fills the star-gemmed aro
A hymn is, after which the hush
Of dusk, and then the dark.
The fragrant garden blossoms bright,
That waver to and fro,
Are censurers from which, through the
night,
The winds sweet incense blow.
The moon, the sister of the sun,
Who lifts a face so pale
In worship, in a patient nun,
Half hidden in her veil.
And I—a wanderer am I,
Who, turning from my way,
Have entered in this Temple by
The bright door of the day.
Alone and free of every care,
I linger here, and long
My lips move in sweet words of prayer
After the evening song.
—Frederic F. Sherman, in N. Y. Independent.

A CLEW BY WIRE
Or, An Interrupted Current.
BY HOWARD M. YOST.
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CHAPTER XVI.—CONTINUED.

Now I certainly had received no message from Florence. If one had been sent me it must have been either during my first visit to the cellar or during my trip to Sidington, and therefore I had missed it.
"Yes, I have heard that they have met again. Much good may it do them!" Jackson responded with a sneer. Then he went on: "And since you found my hiding-place, perhaps you'll tell me what you expect to gain by coming to it? Have you arrived at your right senses again?"
"I have," came the answer.
"Oh, then you agree to give your daughter to me. I thought you would come to time."
"No, a thousand times no! I have come to have an accounting from you."
"Accounting? From me? For what, I wonder?" Jackson asked, with insolence.
"You have broken our solemn agreement. You have removed not only your share of what remains, but also mine. Restore it, and you will not be injured, although we can never again resume our compact. Refuse to do so, and I will crush you."
"Oh, ho, you will, will you? How?" asked Jackson, in derisive tones.
"By denouncing you," Mr. Morley replied, sternly.
"Now, that is useless and foolish talk. Let us reason, as between two business men," said Jackson, assuming a confidential style. "I want to marry your daughter. At first you kept promising me that I should do so. All through the five years of patient waiting for an opportunity to tap the vault, you kept me to the job by that promise. Lately you refuse to fulfill your promise, and yet you now talk to me of breaking our agreement. Give me your daughter. You know she would be influenced by your wish."
"It cannot be."
"And why not? I know she doesn't like me, but I love her and want her more than anything on earth. She'll do as you tell her; you know that. Come, I'll give up not only your share of what remains, but all my own. I am rich now, and don't need it."
"And who made you rich?"
"Oh, you did. I don't deny it; and you have my thanks," replied Jackson, in mocking tones. "That last deal in which we were on opposite sides happened to turn my way, and I got the pile you dropped. That's my luck. I can give her as luxurious a home as she has had. Come, old man, be reasonable."
"Never. You cannot have her. She despises you, and her likes and dislikes have more weight with me than anything you could offer. Thank God, she will marry a better man than either you or me."
"Oh, she will! Not while I live. No, she shall marry no one if not me," Jackson exclaimed, in rage.
"And you thought that removing the stolen bonds to some secret hiding place of your own and thereby depriving me of my share would compel me to accede to your demand for my daughter's hand?" asked Mr. Morley, in great scorn.
"Partly that. There was another reason, too. I had an idea that some one was on our track, and it was my purpose to throw proof on the one who was universally considered the guilty party in case it became too hot for us."
"Too hot for you," quietly interposed Mr. Morley.
"No, for us. Do you suppose I have been such a fool as to place myself so completely in your power that my safety should depend on your whim? Not much! If I am found out, be sure you go down with me, in spite of your high standing and incorruptible honor." Jackson hissed out these words with venom.
"This conversation is fruitless. We will change it," remarked Mr. Morley,

in tones wherein great effort at self-control was evident. "Now, restore my portion of the bonds, and you have my word that I will not molest you. Refuse, and I'll grind you down in the dirt, where you belong."
"Bluff! all bluff!" exclaimed Jackson, with a derisive laugh. "There was a time when I was afraid of you, but not now, not now. You've been so very kind as to tell what you'll do; now let me have my say. You'll give me your daughter, or I will denounce you. You know I can do it. I hold absolute proofs which will astonish the world, you bet. Don't answer just yet. Think over what I am saying. I know well I must fall when you do. My showing you up necessarily includes that. But you are such a senseless old fool in refusing me your daughter that it would be a pleasure to show you up. Besides, I do love Florence, and if I can't have her I don't care what happens to me."
There must have been something in Mr. Morley after this speech which disturbed Jackson, for he gave vent to a nervous laugh and backed away, so that I could not see him.
"Now, don't act like a fool, old man, and do anything!"
Before Jackson could finish a pistol shot rang out.
This was immediately followed by two other reports. Mr. Morley had evidently missed the first time, and his second shot sounded simultaneously with Jackson's return fire.
Then Mr. Morley staggered before the passageway. His arms were upraised, and the hands worked convulsively.
He made a great effort to speak, but no sound came from his lips, except a deep groan as he fell forward full length. And there he lay, motionless, his face resting on the hard floor.
In a moment Jackson was bending over him. The look of horror, of fear, of dread in his face as he arose from beside the prostrate body told a tale of murder.
With nervous haste he picked up the papers which had fallen from his hand, and, throwing a hasty glance around, seized the lantern and entered the passageway, intent on instant flight.
Too horrified to think what course to pursue, I backed away from the door and took a position near the stairs.
Jackson entered the cook-house cellar, and, placing the lantern upon the floor, closed the door. Then he turned and peered about. The start he gave and the alarm on his face told me I was discovered. He had his pistol still in his hand, and started to raise his arm.
"No, no," I cried; "keep that hand down!" He saw I had him covered with my revolver, and he obeyed my command for the moment. But I knew that he was a desperate man and would not hesitate to throw his life away in the endeavor to escape. Therefore I hastily followed up the advantage.
"You'll throw that pistol to me," I continued. "Instantly, you damned villain, you murderer, or, as sure as Heaven—"
But my words were interrupted. He had backed up against the door, his eyes staring fixedly at me. There was a movement of his arm, and I was about to pull the trigger to forestall his purpose of firing at me, when a report sounded out from behind him, as he leaned against the wall and door, and with a loud cry he sprang forward, came down all in a heap, rolled over on his back, and lay there, dead—dead, and by his own murderous device for guarding his hiding place.
Hurried footsteps were crossing the room above, and I hastily took up a new position of defense.
"Stop!" I yelled, as the feet began to descend. "The stairs are covered by my pistol."
There was a pause, and a hurried consultation upon the landing.
"Is that you down there, Mr. Conway?" inquired a voice which I recognized.
"Yes, it is; and, as I do not know whether you are an enemy or a friend, Mr. Sonntag, I guess I won't run any risk. You'd better stay up. You have me in your power, penned up here in this hole; but if I've got to die some one else goes with me."
Again there was a hurried conversation in low tones between Sonntag and some other party, who I surmised was Skinner.
"Perhaps you will not object to my approach, Nelson," a voice called out as a second pair of legs came down. "We are all friends, true friends," it continued.
There was something so familiar in the sound of the voice that I hesitated in again uttering a remonstrance.
"We are all friends," the man said again, as his head reached below the level of the floor. Dim though the light was upon the stairs, I recognized him immediately, and with a loud call sprang toward him.
"Mr. Perry! Oh, thank God, you have come!" I stepped unthinkingly on the plank at the bottom, and he came down to me and grasped my hand.
"Don't mind that. It cannot hurt you," I remarked, as the warning voice again sounded out, just as though its services were longer needed.
"I know it cannot," Mr. Perry remarked, with a smile. Here Sonntag and another man brushed by us, and went to Jackson's prostrate body.
"Will you look here, sir?" Sonntag called, motioning for Mr. Perry to approach.
"My God! It is Jackson! How terrible! Is he dead? Who did it?" asked

Mr. Perry, glancing up at me. "Were you compelled to shoot him, Nelson?"
"No, I am thankful that no man's blood is on my hands. Although I came very near shooting him."
Then I explained how Jackson had been killed. I told nothing about Mr. Morley's connection with the affair. They listened intently, and then Sonntag, carrying a jimmy, went to the door.
"Will you two stand to one side?" Sonntag called out. "That shooting apparatus might go off again in getting the door open."
The bundle of papers which had fallen from the dead man's grasp was picked up by Sonntag's companion and handed by him to Mr. Perry. Then the man turned to me, and, bestowing a smile upon me at the astonishment he evidently saw depicted on my face, went to Sonntag's assistance.
No wonder I was amazed. For the man was he who had played such a treacherous game upon Florence, had tried to shoot me, and had escaped my wrath a few minutes before—Skinner, the station agent at Sidington.
"Ah, here is some of it, Nelson—some of the stolen bonds!" Mr. Perry exclaimed, in excitement. "Perhaps we may recover all of them. I don't suppose there is any hope of getting back the money," he continued, with a sigh. "Oh, well, the bonds stolen amounted to \$500,000. If we get them back, it will be something."
Then he hurriedly stepped over near the door to watch Sonntag and Skinner, leaving me to my thoughts.
Poor Florence! My heart was rent when I pictured her grief. And my promise to Mr. Morley that she should never hear anything against her father to cause a diminution of her love and respect—how was I to keep that promise, when the father lay there in yonder room, shot to death by his partner, his tool, his pupil in crime?
Here another pistol-report sounded, followed by an exclamation of satisfaction from Sonntag, for immediately the door swung open.
"Now, then, Mr. Conway, you can investigate this mystery," he said, coming toward me.
While Mr. Perry and Skinner were engaged in searching for the cause of the voice and the pistol-shots, Sonntag spoke in low, earnest tones:
"Where is the man who came down after you?" he asked.
I pointed toward the inner apartment.
"What, did Jackson lock him up there? How did he succeed—" Then he



His eyes staring fixedly at me.

paused, and, holding the lantern higher, gazed thoughtfully in my face. "Dead, too? You don't mean to tell me!"
I nodded my head.
"Lord Almighty!" Sonntag exclaimed, and then turned slowly from me and joined the two at the door.
"Mr. Conway, come here," Mr. Perry called to me. "See," he said, when I came up, "here is the voice."
On one side of the door was a wooden box, in which was a phonograph.
"You observe this wire," began Skinner. "It is attached to the instrument, and runs down seemingly in the ground. Now I'll go and step on the plank and see if the wire is not moved and the phonograph set a-going." He did so, and a clock-work arrangement was set in motion which communicated with the instrument.
"Let us see what pulls the wire," said Mr. Perry.
We went over to the plank, and saw that Skinner had raised it so we could look underneath. There was a steel spring under one end, which was compressed when a weight was put upon the plank. The compression operated a lever which pulled the wire attached to it. The wire ran through an iron pipe under the stones toward the phonograph, the other end being fastened to the clock apparatus as we had already seen.
An arrangement like that which operates the phonograph was also used for the revolver, which was fixed above it, the muzzle pointing to the small hole in the mortar between two stones. The spring, however, which caused the explosion of the pistol, was fastened on the inner side of the door, and so arranged that either a pressure on the door or an adverse force compressed it. My leaning the weight of my hand against the door when I had stooped

down to peer into the hole had operated the spring, as had Jackson's body when he backed from me.
"Clever rascal, that Jackson, and a patient one," remarked Sonntag.
"Then you know he robbed the bank?" I asked.
"Oh, yes, we knew it, and have known it for some time," Sonntag said, dryly.
"Then why was he not arrested?" I continued.
"Well, we wanted to recover the property also. He had it hidden around his hunting-lodge somewhere, we were quite sure, but he was too cunning for us, and we could not discover where it was. Then yesterday you told me of the walled-up cellar, and I knew I had him."
"From what you tell me now, and what I have heretofore thought of your peculiar ways, I suppose I am right in surmising that you are a detective," I said.
"Yes, I am a detective," he quietly responded.
"And your name is not Sonntag?"
"No. Wilson is my name. It was simply a stroke of chance that made me your lawyer and agent for a short time. It was necessary to be present here, and the death of your former agent came most opportunely."
"So then Jackson never suspected you?"
"No. At least I believe not."
"And how did you come to suspect Jackson?" I asked, curiously.
"By looking up his record."
"Why, was he a regular criminal?"
"No. Not until he robbed the bank. He used to be in the employ of a large safe manufactory as an expert on locks. When we found that out we were certain he was the man in the bank who could open the lock, when the time-piece was off, without knowing the combination."
Did the detectives know of Mr. Morley's connection with the affair? If not, I could easily keep secret what I knew.
"And you think Jackson was alone in the affair?" I asked, with a view to ascertaining how much Sonntag, or Wilson, knew.
He cast upon me one of his whimsical looks, and after a pause replied: "At first it seemed quite certain there was some one connected with Jackson in the affair. But now I find there was not."
Here Skinner, who had been listening to our conversation, glanced quickly up at Wilson, and I saw some signal flashed between the two.
"And what may your name be? Are you a detective, too?" I asked of Skinner.
"Yes," he replied, simply, "I am a detective and Skinner is my name."
"Why did you try to shoot me?"
"I didn't. I fired in the air. Still, I did want you to think I did. It was for two purposes: One, to frighten you away until this affair was settled; another, to make you really down on me. You see, Jackson at last seemed to suspect me, and I thought if I could show him you were terribly down on me it would put me all the closer in his confidence."
"Oh, you succeeded in making him believe you were his friend?" I remarked. "Worked the pal racket on him, eh?"
"As much as I could."
"Then you really were not treacherous to your contract with Miss Morley?"
"Good God, no. Who could play false to her?" Skinner exclaimed, in such convincing tones that I was satisfied.
Here Mr. Perry broke in. "Your name will come out resplendent, Nelson, when the whole truth is known, and we will take care that it be known that you allowed yourself to be made a martyr of, by enduring the suspicion for the sake of aiding the search for the real robbers. Now then, come, gentlemen. Let us go into the other place."
[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HEROES OF WAR.

From the Chicago Times-Herald.
The feeling of admiration for heroes of war seems to be innate in the human heart, and is brought to the surface as the opportunity and object presents itself.
Among those who proved their heroism during our Civil War was A. Schiffeneder, of 161 Sedgwick Street, Chicago. He is an Austrian by birth, came to America at the age of twenty, and became an American citizen. He was living at Milwaukee when the call for volunteers came early in 1862, and he promptly enlisted in Company A, of the Twenty-sixth Wisconsin Volunteers. In the Army of the Potomac he saw much fighting, campaigning in the Shenandoah Valley.
In the first day's fighting at the battle of Gettysburg, Schiffeneder received a wound in the right side, which afterward caused him much trouble. With a portion of his regiment he was captured and imprisoned at Bell Island and Andersonville, and afterward exchanged. He returned to his regiment, which was transferred to the army of General Sherman, and marched with him through Georgia to the sea.
In this campaign Mr. Schiffeneder's old wound began to trouble him and he was sent to the hospital and then home. He had also contracted catarrh of the stomach and found no relief for years.
"I happened to read an account of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People about a year ago," he said, "and thought that they might be good for my trouble. I concluded to try them. I bought one box and began to take them according to directions. They gave me great relief. After finishing that box I bought another, and when I had taken the pills I felt that I was cured. I recovered my appetite and ate heartily. I can testify to the good the pills did me."
Mr. Schiffeneder is a prominent Grand Army man in Chicago, whither he moved some years ago with his family.

As to Riches.
The woman that married a poor man because she loved him is very apt to want her daughter to marry a rich man whether she loves him or not.—Roxbury Gazette.

Successful Treatment for Asthma.
Dr. P. Harold Hayes, of Buffalo, N. Y., sends his book on "Asthma and Hay-Fever Cured to Stay Cured" free and postpaid to any sufferer who applies for it. Dr. Hayes has now treated upwards of forty thousand cases, and quotes many cases of former sufferers who have stayed cured for from five to twenty years. Names and addresses of these are given, so that any inquirer can investigate fully and be convinced of the reliability of the statements made. Dr. Hayes says that any case of spasmodic or bronchial Asthma not complicated with organic disease of heart, lungs or kidneys can be radically cured.

The Maid servant.—"Professor, madam has just returned from her journey." Professor—"Remind me by and by to give her a kiss."—Tit-Bits.

J. M. DeLacy writes: "I can assure you that in no single instance has Dr. Moffett's TEETHINA (Teething Powders) proved a failure. We have tried soothing remedies and everything known to us and the 'old women,' and TEETHINA is preeminently a success and blessing to mothers and children."

A Gentle Hint.—He—"It's reported that we're engaged." She—"Well, I'm not to blame for the fact that it is only a report."—Brooklyn Life.

Dropsy treated free by Dr. H. H. Green's Sons, of Atlanta, Ga. The greatest dropsy specialists in the world. Read their advertisement in another column of this paper.

Some men are like race-horses; their only ambition seems to be a desire to lower their records.—Philadelphia Record.

To Cure a Cold in One Day
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

If you loaf around a store or office a great deal, remember that you are not welcome.—Athens Globe.

I believe Pisco's Cure for Consumption saved my boy's life last summer.—Mrs. Allie Douglas, LeRoy, Mich., Oct. 20, '94.

To please a man find out what he wants—what he needs is of minor importance.—Ram's Horn.

A Dose in Time Saves Nine of Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar for Coughs, Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

Lots of men don't know enough to stop boring when they strike oil.—Chicago Daily News.

Hall's Catarrh Cure
Is a Constitutional Cure. Price 75c.

A horse with a docked tail must feel like a neigh-bob.—L. A. W. Bulletin.

WHAT WOMEN SAY

Of Dr. Hartman's Free Advice and Remedies.

Dr. Hartman is constantly receiving letters from grateful women who have received the benefit of his free advice, and are entirely well once more, after years of suffering. The following are brief extracts from two such letters: Mrs. F. K. F. Gille, Box 19, Navasota, Tex., writes: "I think it is time to let you know what your treatment has done for me. I am rid of that terrible trouble I had when I wrote to you. When I would stoop over I could not straighten up without the most severe pain. I am well of that and much better in other ways." Mrs. Phoebe C. Carr, Orifino, Idaho, writes: "I am glad to tell you that I am entirely well. I am stouter than I ever been in my life, and I want to tell you that it was your advice and medicine that cured me. I think it is the greatest medicine in the world. I will never be without Peruna. Everybody ought to keep Peruna in the house."
Dr. Hartman's latest book of advice to women will be sent free to any address to The Peruna Drug Manufacturing Company, Columbus, Ohio.

